

THE LAST ROUND-UP

once in a while i wish there were a god,
mainly so that he could preside,
as vengefully as possible,
over a real lollapalooza of a last judgment.

it's not that i consider my soul to be stainless.
hardly.

i'm quite aware of the commandments i have broken,
and the people, often loved ones,
i have hurt.

if there does prove to be a deity,
i indeed expect that i'll be serving some hard time
for a good long sentence
if not (worst case scenario)
for eternity.

but it would be worth it just to see
the smug ones get their come-uppance,
not just the big criminals,
the serial killers, and savings-and-loans crooks,
and the harry limes,

but all the petty bullshitters,
the shuck-'n-jivers,
the slip-'n-sliders,

all those who seem able to go through life
not only lying to everyone else
but even kidding themselves,
never experiencing the slightest self-doubt
or pang or remorse.
i really would love to see those fuckers
and fuckeresses
as they wake up from their complacent sleeps
to find themselves being stared down by
a tribunal of righteousness and wrath.

i'd also get a kick out of witnessing
the looks on the faces of those
who have presumed to put HIM in a dress.

you know, i never realized jonathan edwards and i
had so much in common.

Geordie Larkin